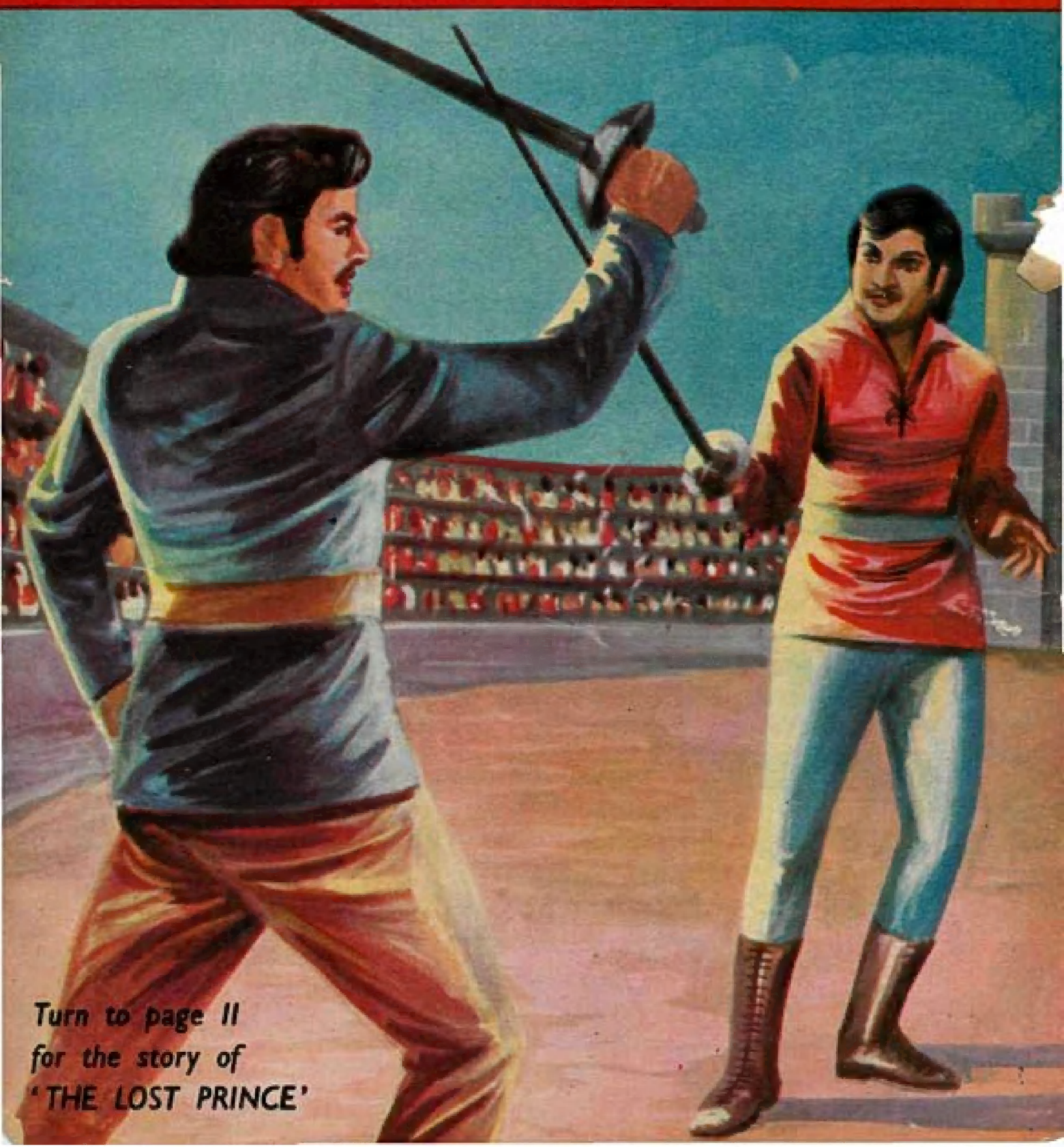


CHANDAMAMA

JUNE 1975

ONE RUPEE



Turn to page 11
for the story of
'THE LOST PRINCE'

Killer COOH resorts to Germ Warfare

For some time now, it's been quiet at Toothsville. Demon Acid Killer COOH* has left the Oral Flora in relative peace... or so they think.



Actually, Killer COOH has been busy perfecting a dangerous new weapon.



Soon the first batch of 'injected' foods arrives—and is sold by the Oral Flora who are unaware of its hidden dangers.



That night after the Oral Flora go to bed, the first bomb goes off—and almost makes a dent in Tooth Tower. Overnight, the guard on duty quickly races to Salivo, C-in-C of Toothsville's army.



Salivo alerts
the army—
and then sends
off an S.O.S.



*Hurry.
Binaca-F,
we've been
attacked!*

Binaca-F rushes to the rescue.

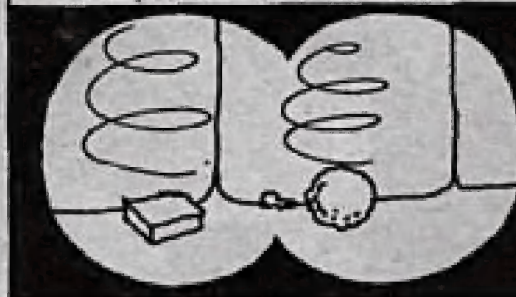


*Quick! Brush down
Tooth Tower with
this Binaca Fluoride
to neutralise
the effect
of the bomb.*

Killer COOH stamps his feet
in despair as bomb after
bomb fizzles out, leaving
Tooth Tower intact.



Once again, Killer COOH's
evil plans have failed.



*Remember to use
Binaca Fluoride
every morning
and night. It will
keep the fort strong,
smooth and clean—
and free from
attack by
Killer COOH.*



*Thank you,
Binaca-F.*

**Brush in extra toughness.
Arrest tooth decay with Binaca Fluoride.**



* Formula for carboxyl acid group which attacks tooth enamel and causes painful cavities



MT-HSI 8124 R

**Sanitaryware
& Wall Tiles
made to
international standards**



**HINDUSTAN
SANITARYWARE
& INDUSTRIES LIMITED**

2 Wellesley Place, Calcutta 700 001



**SODMANY-PILKINGTON'S
LIMITED**

Kassar, Rohtak, Haryana



LEGENDS OF INDIA

*Legends are not just stories. They are often based on facts, on events however remote. In his famous play, **The Madras House**, dramatist Granville-Barker says that legends "are the spiritual side of facts". And he is right.*

What is meant here by 'spiritual'? While facts are the events as they happened on the surface, legends tell us the spirit behind such events. Much imagination might have gone into a fact to make a legend out of it. But such imagination is of great value. It speaks a lot about the mind of the people from whom the legend emerged. In order to know a people truly, it is not enough to know what happened to them, it is also necessary to know what they desired to happen to them.

*Such desires and wishes, dreams and fancies of a nation are best reflected in their legends. Hence, since several months, we are giving our readers a regular—feature **Legends of India**—each piece a carefully chosen one.*

India is a vast country where had flourished one of the earliest civilisations of the world. Her legends too are numerous and varied. Some of them have their origin in mythology, some in history and some in folklores. While some of them concern historic personalities like kings or scholars, others concern institutions like temples, or events like battles or festivals. But each one has a significance and together they help us to understand India better.

NEWS FOR YOU....

Who was Aryabhata?

India's first satellite, Aryabhata, is circling in the space. Who was this Aryabhata whose name it bears? He was born in A.D. 476 at Kusumpur (Patna). He had produced his book on astronomy, *Arya Siddhanta*, at the age of 23. His successor, Varahamihira, was one of the nine gems in the court of King Vikramaditya.

The Harappan Horse

For a long time it was believed that there was no horse in India in a very remote past and that the horse was brought into India by the Aryans, if Aryans came into India really from outside.

But recent excavations at Surkotada in Kutch district, conducted by the Archaeological Survey of India, have brought out conclusive evidence that the horse was very much there during the time of the Harappan civilisation.

The Richest Nations

West Germany is the richest nation of the world. U.S.A. is the second and Saudi Arabia, Japan and Switzerland are third, fourth and fifth richest nations, according to the Union Bank of Switzerland.

....AND SOME VIEWS TOO

A Guide to 20th century thoughts On Happiness

Happiness is a mystery like religion, and should never be rationalized.

G. K. Chesterton

Happiness is like a coke—something you get as a by-product in the process of making something else.

Aldous Huxley

So, in every individual the two trends, one towards personal happiness and the other towards unity with the rest of humanity, must contend with each other.

Sigmund Freud

We have no more right to consume happiness without producing it than to consume wealth without producing it.

Bernard Shaw

Only when egoism dies and God in man governs his own human universality, can this earth support a happy and contented race of beings.

Sri Aurobindo



THE LAST DESTINATION

Tales from Panchatantra

The sun was setting on the western horizon of the forest. The small lake reflected the yellow glow of the setting sun and all was quiet.

A heron slowly descended from the nearby banian tree and perched on a slab of stone touching the water. But instead of gazing at the water for fish as he was expected to do, he kept on looking vacantly ahead of himself shedding drops of tear in the water.

It was a crab who at first saw the heron in that condition. He had never seen a weeping heron. Amazed, he asked, "O heron of the banian tree! How is it that you were not seen for a few days? And what ails you that you are shedding those precious tears?"

"O dear crab, now that I am getting old, I thought it proper

to go on pilgrimage from time to time. That is why I was not seen for a period. And I cannot but weep at what I heard while I was away," said the heron.

"What did you hear, O pilgrim heron?" asked the curious crab.

"I heard a few learned astrologers saying that there will be no rain over this forest for twelve years to come!" replied the heron.

"I see," said the crab sadly, "But how much water can you shed from your eyes to compensate for the long drought?"

"You foolish creature! I am weeping just at the thought that this lake which had so long sustained me, you and all the fish, will soon dry up!" explained the heron.

"O God!" shrieked the crab,



"This had not occurred to me! Now, what should we do?"

The crab's terrific shriek soon attracted all the fish to the spot. While the heron resumed shedding tears, the crab informed the fish about their impending doom. All remained stunned for a long time. Then an old fish approached the heron and said, "Brother heron, your whiteness speaks of your wisdom; your pointed beak speaks of your sharp wit. Now, to whom could we look for guidance if not to you? Please tell us the way out of this crisis."

The heron closed his eyes and stood meditatively for a

moment and then said, "Two miles from here there is a large lake which even a century's drought cannot dry up. If you desire to live, there is no other way for you than to go over to that lake."

"Two miles! We fish can hardly hop and jump for a yard or two on the ground. How can we cover two miles?" said a number of fish, sighing. Some of them even began to wail.

"Do not feel so disappointed!" said the heron, "I can perhaps be of some service to you, although that will mean hard labour to me!"

"We know, you can do a lot, brother heron!" shouted a fish in a flattering voice.

"Who does not know about your talents, uncle heron?" said another fish even louder.

"Nothing is impossible for you, father heron!" said others.

"Silence, silence!" commanded the heron, "Now listen carefully. I can carry you on my back, batch by batch, to the large lake. It will take several days for me to transfer all of you there. But, on grounds of compassion, I am ready for the trouble. Are you ready to come?"

"We are ready. Why not begin the auspicious work immediately?" said the eager fish.

The heron immersed his back in the water and instantly a dozen fish got on to it. He took off.

The heron did not go far. He had been sick for some time and that is why he was unable to stand near the water for long to nab a fish or two. Now, with a dozen fish at his disposal, he was bursting with joy. A furlong away he saw a small rock. He suddenly gave a jerk and the fish fell off his back. Happily and leisurely he picked up one by one all his unlucky passengers and gobbled them up, throwing their bones on the rock.

Days past. The heron carried on his daily flight regularly. Soon he looked quite plump. One day the crab observed, "O compassionate heron! You look so round!"

"No wonder," replied the heron, "It is the result of my good work. When I see the fish swimming in that large lake merrily, my heart is filled with joy. That has improved my health."

"O illustrious heron, can't I too have the good luck to go



over to that blessed lake?" asked the crab.

"Why not!" exclaimed the heron. He was eating fish for days. Crab should be a good change, he thought. And since the crab was fat enough for a full meal, he did not carry any fish that day.

Carrying the crab as the solitary passenger on his back, the heron soon approached the rock and began to descend. The crab, however, had sharp eyes and he could soon see the scattered bones of fish. He could guess the heron's trick instantly.

"Heron, Sir, how far is our destination?" he asked.

"So far as you are concerned, you have almost arrived at the final destination of your life. I am going to dash you on the rock as I did to all the fish. You will have a painless death while I will have a joyful meal!" said the heron with a chuckle.

"Heron, Sir, you are wrong. I have yet a long way to go—back to my old lake—while you have arrived at your final destination," said the crab as he caught hold of the heron's neck with his sharp claws.

The heron instantly sat down on the rock. But before he

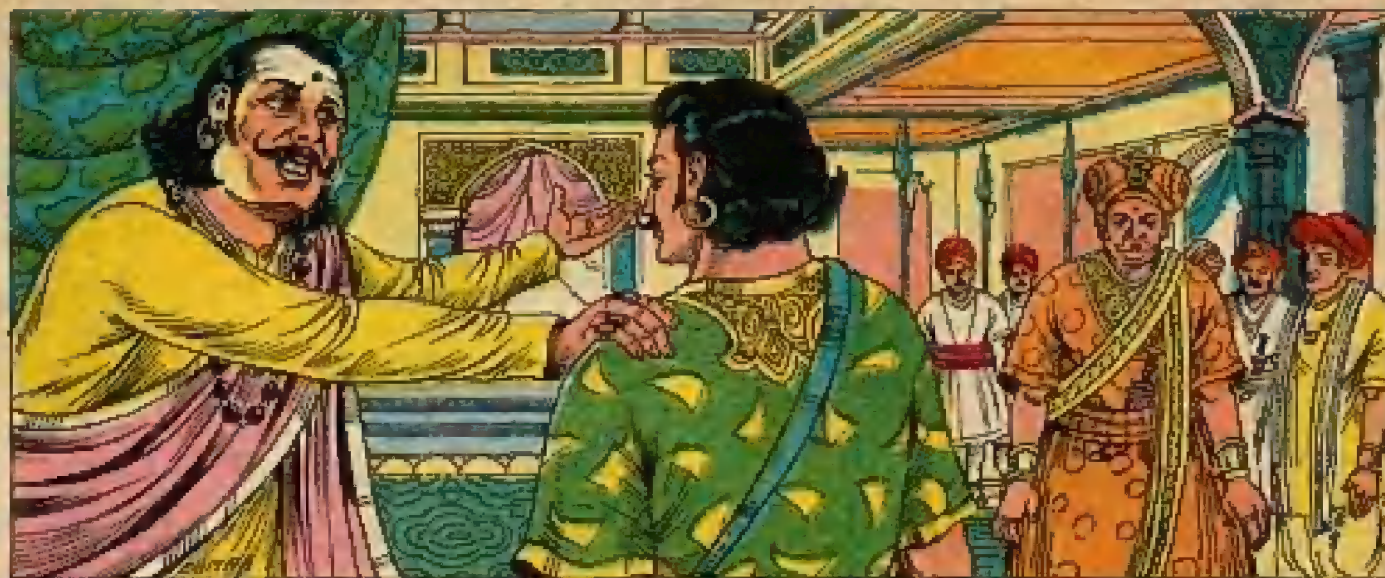
could speak anything more, the crab's claws cut his throat completely and he lay still, with a last, painful flapping of wings, amidst the scattered bones of his victims. It took a long time for the crab to drag the heron's head to the lake. But he did not mind the hardship. He narrated the episode to the remaining fish of the lake and concluded, "The wicked creature had taken his success for granted and here is the result!"

Till his death the crab was looked upon by all the fish as the hero of the lake.

SPOT THE TEN DIFFERENCES

(SORRY, NO CLUE ANYWHERE IN THE MAGAZINE)





THE LOST PRINCE

King Vijaysingh ruled the land of Panchala long ago. He was an able and kind ruler and his subjects liked him very much. But he had no child. He decided to go on a pilgrimage with his queen, vesting the burden of the kingdom on his brother, Jaysingh.

Jaysingh was always fond of sport and luxury. In the absence of his brother, he indulged in them even more. The administration, of course, ran smoothly because Vijaysingh's ministers were honest and efficient.

Jaysingh loved his elder brother very much, but once he had tested the joy of kingship during his brother's absence, he was reluctant to resign his power. He knew that if Vijaysingh would die childless, he would succeed him to the

throne. So, he secretly desired Vijaysingh's death.

News reached that Vijaysingh was at last coming back to the capital. He and his queen were camping in the outskirts of the kingdom. All the people of the kingdom rejoiced at the news. Jaysingh himself too pretended to be happy.

But at night he called one of his faithful officers to his inner apartment and sought his advice about his duty in the circumstance. The wicked officer proposed to kill the royal couple while they were asleep in the camp. Jaysingh agreed to the proposal. Nobody knew about it except Roopmati, Jaysingh's wife, who overheard their discussion.

The officer did the needful. As soon as the news spread that



King Vijaysingh and his wife had been murdered, the whole kingdom plunged into sorrow. Jaysingh also wept a lot. His sorrow was genuine, for, although he had agreed to murder Vijaysingh on the spur of a moment, his love for his brother was deep.

After the royal couple's funeral, Jaysingh was duly coronated.

And strangely indeed, Jaysingh's nature was found changed. He was no more indulging in wasteful sport or luxury. He devoted all his time and resources to the welfare of his subjects. This was because he was always haunted by the me-

mory of his noble brother. Soon he became as popular as the late Vijaysingh.

A few months after Jaysingh became the king, his land was attacked by the neighbouring king. Jaysingh led his army to the frontier and the battle continued for several days. The enemy could not invade the country, but they kept Jaysingh's army engaged.

During Jaysingh's absence from the palace, his queen, Roopmati, gave birth to twin sons. She was delighted to see the sons, but soon her joy was changed into a dark fear. She remembered how deeply her husband loved his brother. Still,

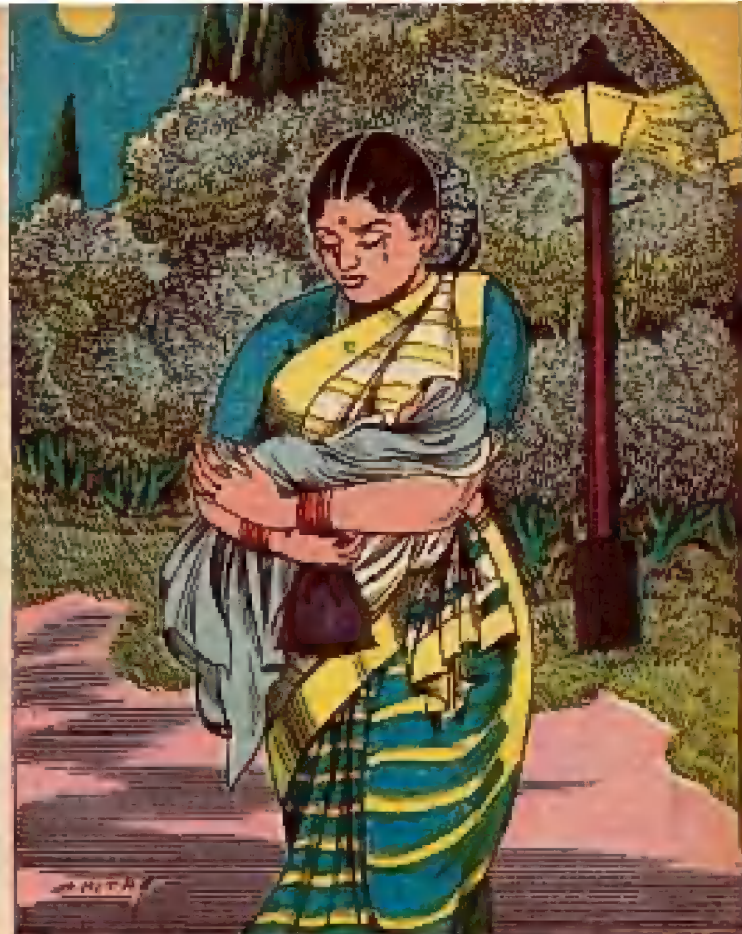
for sake of kingship, he had consented to Vijaysingh's murder. These twin brothers would grow up with affection and love. But when the question of succession would arise in their minds, who knows what would happen? One might kill the other, or both might become victims of each other.

The queen called one of her faithful maids to her side and told her to take one of the infant princes and give him away to anybody she thought fit, with a jarful of gold mohurs.

At first the maid was not willing to do so, but when the queen frankly told her about her fear, she agreed to act as advised.

When the maid took away the child, the queen told her, "Never tell me what you do with the child. If I come to know, I may not suppress my eagerness to see him from time to time. That might reveal the truth." The maid agreed to keep the child's whereabouts a secret.

Jaysingh returned to the palace after defeating the enemy and was very happy to see that a son had been born to him. He named the infant prince Vijay after his brother's name.



Vijay grew up and soon proved himself a brilliant young man, capable of mastering several arts and lessons at a great speed.

When Vijay was sixteen years of age, during a festival around the palace, the king announced that he would like to see how many young men were there in his kingdom who could equal or excel his son in strength and in the art of fighting. Accordingly some young men came forward. Vijay greeted them and fought with them one after another. Nobody could equal him, what to speak of excelling him! Those who showed some efficiency, they were recruited

to the army. Vijay exclaimed, "Is there nobody in such a big crowd who could equal me in anything?"

At once a young man jumped into the arena and challenged Vijay to fencing.

They fought for a long time and it was felt that none was inferior to the other. But what surprised the king and the queen was that the young man looked exactly like the prince.

The king ordered the two to stop and then asked the young man what his name was and whose son he was.

"My lord, my name is Madhav. And since all the subjects are your children, you

can take me as your son!" replied the young man.

The queen suddenly screamed and fainted. She was carried into her room and her maids rushed in to nurse her. The king, the prince, and Madhav too were by her side.

As soon as she opened her eyes, she embraced Madhav and addressed her as her son, tears rolling down her cheeks. Madhav smiled and wiped her tears.

"What happened to you? It seems you are not in your senses!" the king said.

But the queen's maid stepped forward and narrated the whole story to the king. Madhav, one of the twin princes, had been





brought up by her.

The king sighed and asked the queen, "Why did you do so?"

"Because I knew the fate of your brother!" whispered the queen.

The king remained silent for some time, his head hung in shame. Then he stood up, embraced Madhav and told the queen, "You have nothing to fear. I will, in due course,

divide my vast kingdom in two parts so that both your sons could be kings. There will be no scope for rivalry between the two."

The queen was happy. And all were happy too. But it was not necessary for the king to divide the kingdom. Madhav was never willing to become a ruler. He passed his time studying the scriptures and later became a mendicant.

WHAT IS THE TRAVELLER'S TREE?

It is a native of Madagascar and is related to the banana. It gets its name because at the base of the leaf-stalks are cup-like sheaths that hold good water. A traveller has only to cut open a sheath to get at a welcome drink and quench a thirst. A traveller's tree has leaves five or six feet long, and they grow in a fan shape at the ends of the stalks, which themselves reach seven or eight feet.



HISTORY'S FIRST RULING QUEEN

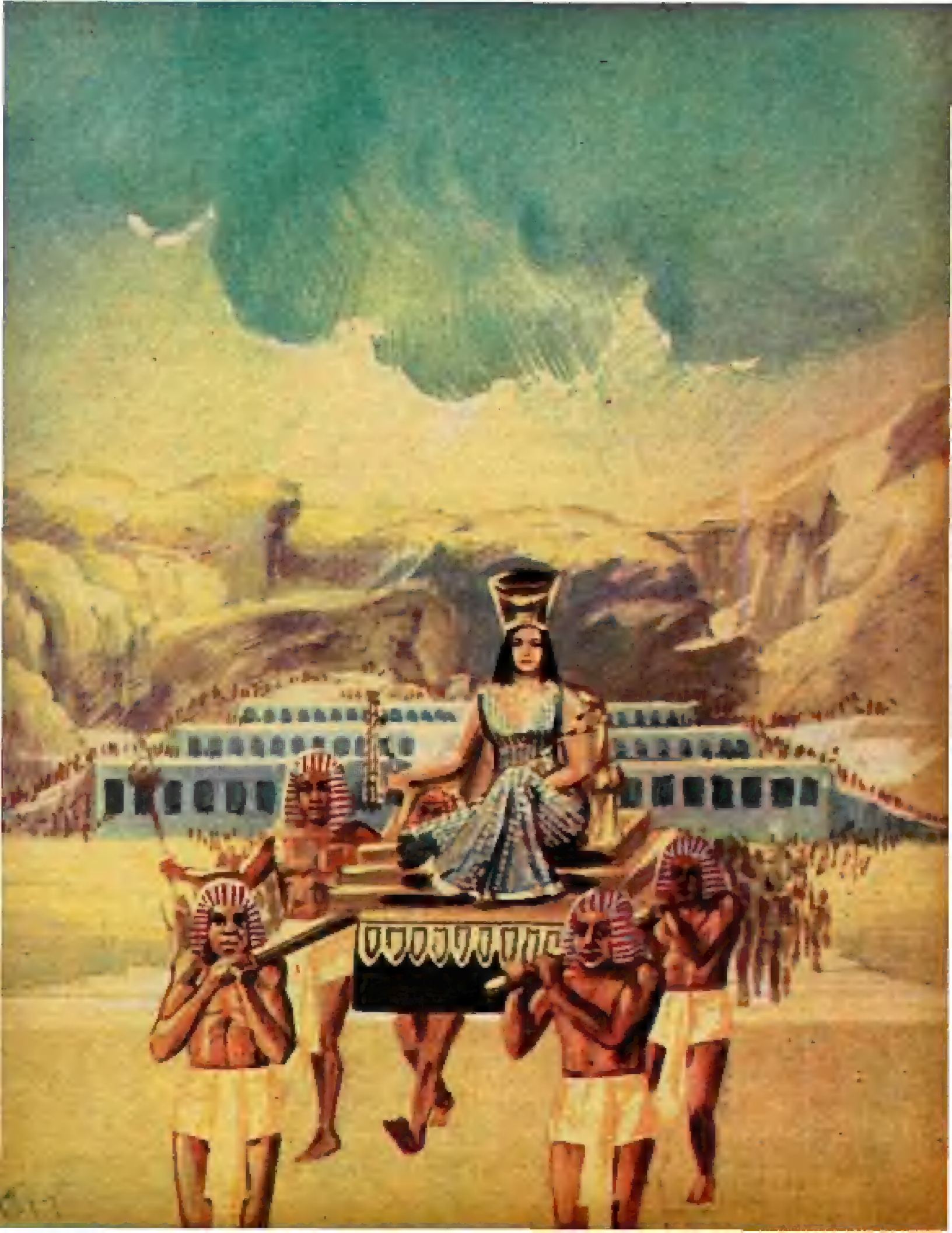
"My southern boundary is as far as Punt. My eastern boundary is as far as the marshes of Asia and the Asiatics are within my grasp. My western boundary is as far as the mountains of sunset; my fame spreads among the people who dwell along the vast stretches of sand..." says an inscription in a beautiful temple, one of the finest monuments in the world, which stands below the steep side of a majestic mountain on the river Nile. On the other side of this cliff is the famous "Valley of the Kings' Tombs" where many of the Egyptian kings were buried in secret spots.

This temple was constructed by Queen Hatshepsut, the only female Pharaoh of Egypt—as well as the first ruling queen known to history.

Does the inscription quoted above show any vanity of the queen? No. It was only a plain statement. In fact, Queen Hatshepsut's rule was one of the most peaceful and prosperous periods. The Pharaohs, as is well known, were mighty rulers and they vigorously fought battles to expand their

territory and to prove their prowess. They were also great builders, as the pyramids, the unique monuments which served as their tombs, would speak. (The greatest of the pyramids is the one built by Pharaoh Khufu who reigned 4,500 years ago. It is 481 feet high and the area covered by its base is so vast that according to a calculation it would "give room for the cathedrals of Milan, Florence and St. Peter at Rome, as well as Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's Cathedral and still leave some space to spare!" More than two million blocks of granite, weighing two and half tonnes each, have been used in this structure. Greek historian Herodotus wrote that a hundred thousand men worked for three months every year for twenty years to complete the pyramid.)

Pyramid building was still in vogue when Hatshepsut, daughter of Pharaoh Thotmes I ascended the throne. According to experts who have studied her figure, she was intelligent, beautiful, serene, firm, brave and imaginative. Instead of



building a pyramid, she decided to build a temple to the Sun-God, Amon.

The temple she built was something new in style, spacious, giving an air of freshness and tranquillity. The plan for the structure was given by herself. And that shows that she had a delicate and dignified taste.

Around the temple she wanted to plant some trees which were believed to be liked by the Sun-God. But they were not available in Egypt. The queen sent her emissaries in a ship to Somaliland to fetch the plants. Such an expedition, in that remote past, was a rare event and the King of Somaliland was thrilled. He sent the plants and several presents for Hatshepsut. The queen developed the valley around the temple into a luxuriant green garden.

But such creative activities of the queen were not appreciated by her male relatives. As soon as she died, her husband, who became Pharaoh Thotmes II, erased her name from the temple walls and defaced her images and dumped her statues in a well. Such was the mischief wrought by sheer jealousy!

But Queen Hatshepsut has received her due honour from

historians of our time. From the little we have been able to know about her, she can be classed among the greatest rulers in history, not for conquests, but for her love of peace and art, and her sway over her people by virtue of which she could continue her reign although surrounded by men who evidently disliked to be ruled by a female Pharaoh.

WHY IS A TORCH A SCHOOL SYMBOL?

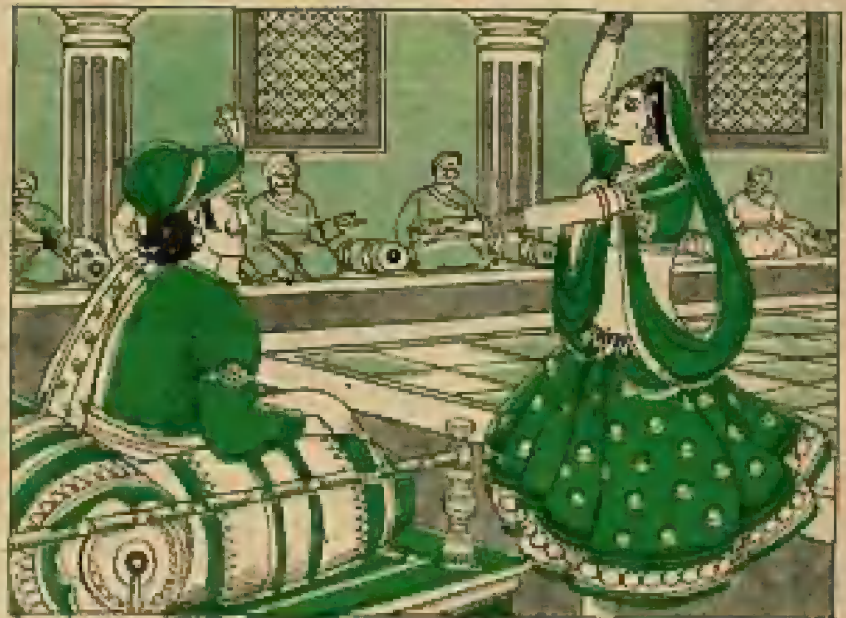
In bygone times, going right back to prehistoric times, fire was important to a tribe or family group. A torch was always kept burning so that when fire was needed it could be obtained from the torch which was not allowed to go out. So the symbolism of learning is like that. We learn out of the total learning of people who have gone before us, and we pass it on to our children and those who come after us. The Olympic torch can also be said to be a symbol, the teaching of good sportsmanship among a gathering of world athletes.





Mewar, one of the famous kingdoms of Rajasthan, was ruled by an illustrious king, Rana Sanga, in the early sixteenth century. He was great in valour and magnanimity.

Unfortunately his sons did not prove worthy of him. One of them, Rutna, died fighting with a rival prince and another, Vikramjit, who succeeded to the throne, wasted his wealth and time in loose and prodigal living.



There was chaos in Mewar. The Mughals of Delhi were eager to annex the kingdom. In this situation some courtiers of Vikramjit conspired to dethrone him, by the help of one Bunveer, an illegitimate son of the great hero, Prithviraj.



Bunveer suddenly attacked Vikramjit. Vikramjit could hardly put up any resistance. His friends fled. He was killed.

Soon the news of the king's death spread in the palace. There was loud wailing and hullabaloo.



King Vikramjit's infant son, Prince Uday, was in the charge of a faithful maid, Panna. Panna had a son of her own who was of the prince's age. She nursed both in an inner apartment of the palace.

A palace servant informed Panna about the king's murder. Panna was taken aback. She was further told that Bunveer was rushing into the inner apartment obviously to capture the infant prince.



There was no time to lose. Panna prevailed upon the servant to hide and carry the prince in a basket in which he usually removed the rotten or rejected vegetables from the royal kitchen. The servant yielded.

But Panna knew that the usurper, Bunveer, won't rest unless he found the prince. She lifted her own son and put him on the prince's bed and removed the other bed altogether.



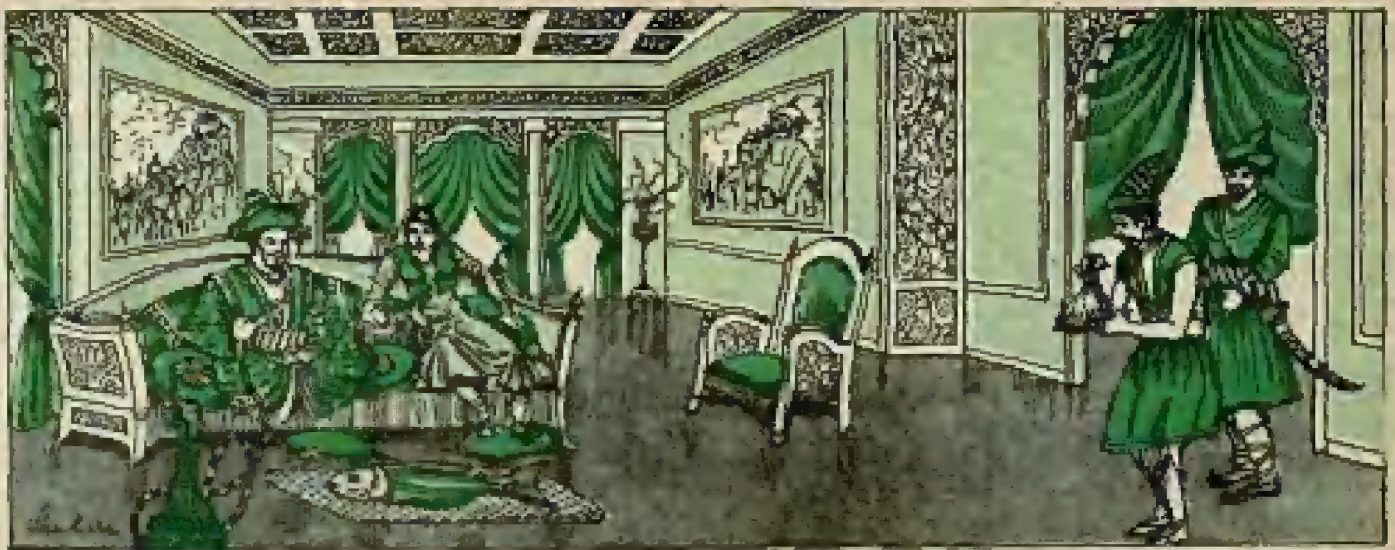


No sooner had she done this than the cruel Bunveer arrived there. "Where is the prince? Tell me instantly!" he demanded of Panna, sword in hand.

Panna was committed to save the prince. If she told that the prince had escaped, Bunveer would soon send his soldiers to find him out. She took the momentous decision. She pointed her finger at her son's bed. Instantly Bunveer's sword pierced the child's breast.



The servant was waiting on the river-bank. Panna reached there soon and they escaped to the castle of Komulmer. This prince grew up as Uday Singh and drove away Bunveer. Panna's sacrifice has hardly any parallel in history.



WORTH OF ADVICE

Long ago, there was a sultan in Persia who was just and generous. One morning, while he and his wife sat in their audience chamber, a fisherman met them bringing a present of a big fish.

The sultan, impressed by the present, ordered the treasurer to give the fisherman four thousand mohurs.

The sultan's wife did not like this at all. In fact, whenever the sultan showed his generosity, she felt unhappy. But today she decided to give a bit of her mind to her husband.

As soon as the fisherman left the chamber she told the sultan, "It is the duty of our subjects to present us whatever nice

things they find. Why must you give them rewards every time? No king gives four thousand mohurs for a fish. You must get the amount back from the fisherman under some plea or the other!"

"Oh no. That would tarnish my image," replied the sultan.

"Why? Do as I say and nobody can blame you. You call the fisherman and ask him whether the fish was male or female. If he says that it was male, tell him that we needed a female fish. That would oblige him to return his reward. If he says that it was a female fish, you can say that what we need is a male fish," advised the wife.



The sultan did not like the idea. But he also did not like to ignore his wife's advice. After hesitating for a while he asked his servants to call the fisherman back.

When the fisherman appeared before him, the sultan asked him, "What is the sex of this fish?"

The fisherman bowed to the sultan and said, "My lord, this rare kind of fish can be described neither as male nor as female, for, each fish of this species produces eggs!"

The sultan laughed at the answer and ordered his treasurer to give another four thous-

and mohurs to the fisherman.

The fisherman accepted the second reward with a profound show of gratefulness and left.

While the sultan and his wife looked on, the fisherman stopped down and picked up a mohur from the road which had slipped from his bag.

The sultan's wife remarked, "Look at the greedy fellow. He has so much wealth in his bag. Yet he will not let even one mohur go. Couldn't he leave the mohur on the road so that some poor man could have got it? It is a pity that you patronise such selfish fellows!"

The sultan thought for a moment and then instructed his servants to call the fisherman back again.

The fisherman came and stood with humility.

"You greedy fellow! Why were you so particular to pick up a single mohur from the dust? Are you not having enough to have let it lie like that so that a poor traveller or a beggar could have got it?" demanded the sultan.

The fisherman presented a long salute and said, "Let God protect the wise sultan. My lord! Your question is most sensible. I should have left the



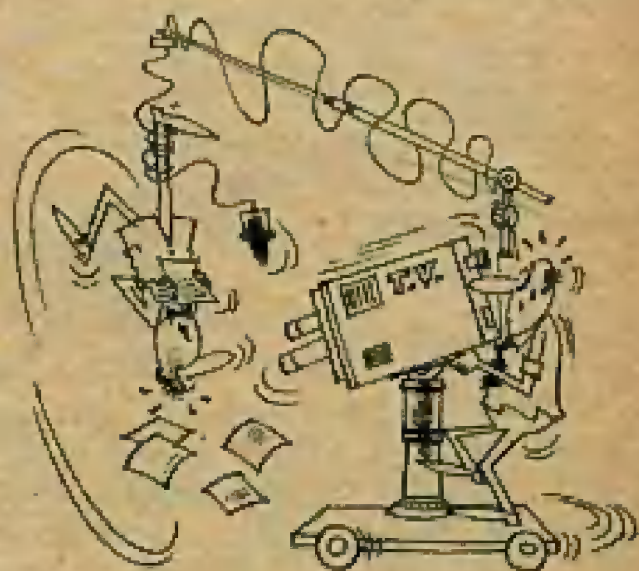
mohur on the road. But if I did not do that, it was because the sultan's sacred name is written on the mohur. I could not bear to think that travellers should tread on the sultan's name. The second reason is, I did not earn this money out of gambling that I could afford to be careless with it. This money is given to me by the blessed sultan and he means that I should spend each mohur for my happiness. How can I show disrespect to the sultan's motive?"

"Excellent!" exclaimed the sultan and he asked his treasurer to give eight thousand mohurs more to the fisherman, four thousand each for the two reasons he showed for his conduct.

The sultan now realised that whoever be the adviser, if the advice was unsound, it should not be followed.

He made his heralds announce throughout the kingdom:

"Men and women! Never follow an unsound advice, even if it is given by your wife or husband. If you have taken a good step, never try to retrace it."



"This is a studio fault. Do not adjust your set!"

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST



Mr. Devidas Kasbekar



Mr. A. L. Syed

- These two photographs are somewhat related. Can you think of suitable captions? Could be single words, or several words, but the two captions must be related to each other.
- Rs. 20 will be awarded as prize for the best caption. Remember, your entry must reach us by 30th JUNE.
- Winning captions will be announced in AUGUST issue.
- Write your entry on a POST CARD, specify the month, give your full name, address, age and post to:

PHOTO CAPTION CONTEST
CHANDAMAMA MAGAZINE
MADRAS-600 026

Result of Photo Caption Contest held in April Issue

The prize is awarded to
Kumari M. Minny
G. B. J. 56, Maratha Hally
Bangalore - 560 037.

Winning Entry — 'Watching Keenly' — 'Standing Firmly'



NOSE AND EARS FOR SALE!

At Bundelkhand lived a man who was known as Thakur Sahib. His forefathers were rich landlords. But Thakur Sahib had neither any estate nor any work to do. He always boasted of the aristocracy of his forefathers and realised money from the people by so many tricks.

One day, a wealthy merchant of the town was talking to Thakur Sahib when a cart, loaded with bags of wheat, happened to pass at some distance. Looking at the cart Thakur Sahib exclaimed, "Look, look, what a magnificent elephant! My grandfather had half a dozen creatures like this!"

"But, Thakur Sahib, that is only a cart, not an elephant!" the merchant corrected him.

"Gentleman, what has happened to your eyes? How can you call an elephant a cart?" asked Thakur Sahib.

"Believe me, Thakur Sahib, that one is nothing but a cart," insisted the merchant.

Thakur Sahib pretended to be angry and twirling his moustache, said, "If it is found to be a cart, you will cut off my head. But if it is found to be an elephant, I will cut off your head. Do you agree?"

"All right," said the merchant smilingly, because he did not take the proposal seriously.

Then both went closer to the



cart. "Look, Thakur Sahib, is it not a cart?" asked the merchant cheerfully.

"You are right. You may cut off my head," replied Thakur Sahib who knew very well that the noble-hearted merchant would never do that.

"Please keep your head to yourself, but in future think before you make an offer," said the merchant in an affable tone.

"You can't go away without cutting off my head. Never in my family had anybody made a false promise," declared Thakur Sahib.

The merchant was in a fix. He at last proposed that they

go to the village judge. Thakur Sahib agreed to that.

The judge heard the queer case and in order to save the good-natured merchant from the ghastly situation, said, "From now on, Thakur Sahib's head becomes the merchant's property. But it is up to the merchant to decide when to cut it off."

The merchant was happy to hear this. But Thakur Sahib asked, "In that case the merchant must maintain, nurse and protect my head from today, for it is his property."

The merchant was obliged to agree to this demand.

In a few days Thakur Sahib proved a great menace to the merchant. The head cannot be maintained unless the whole of Thakur Sahib was maintained—that is to say—unless he was fed. And he must be fed according to his status! Besides, Thakur Sahib demanded and got several other facilities from the merchant in the name of maintaining his head.

The merchant bore with the nuisance for some time. But his friends decided to put an end to it. They persuaded the merchant to do as they planned.

Next day, while Thakur Sahib

my ardent desire to marry you. I will do everything to make you happy," said the king.

Malayavati consented to it.

The marriage was duly performed and Malayavati came to dwell in the palace as the queen.

Soon the king and the kingdom experienced great prosperity in all respects. The kingdom abounded in food and the people were happy.

At first the king too was very happy with the situation, but as days passed, he began to feel unhappy. The first reason was, although he gave anything his subjects needed, they were not grateful to him. They used to say, "The king gets back ten times of whatever he gives, because he has married a fairy!" The second reason was, all the neighbouring kings became jealous of him because he prospered by leaps and bounds. Although Malayavati was as beautiful as ever, she was no more a fairy to him. She had turned human.

One evening the king was returning from the meadow after a stroll. Suddenly he saw a golden chariot passing by carrying a lady of untold charm.

"Oh, only if I would have



married this lady instead of Malayavati!" thought the king and he ran after the chariot while shouting at the lady to stop. The lady seemed not to hear him. But the king kept pursuing the chariot although the road was rough.

The chariot stopped only when the king, feeling extremely tired, was about to give up the chase.

But the king's surprise knew no bound when he saw the lady who emerged from the chariot. She was none other than Malayavati! He said apologetically, "Well, I pursued your chariot in order to be sure

whether it was you or someone else! Come, let us return to the palace."

Malayavati smiled and returned to the palace with the king.

The king was already unhappy. Over and above that, now he felt guilty for his own conduct.

Another evening, on returning home, the king found Malayavati missing. Days passed, but she did not return. With her disappearance, the condition of the king and the kingdom deteriorated. Crops failed and cattle died. The king remained always sad.

Sitting alone one night, the king felt that he had been possessed by a ghost. At once he mustered his determination and decided to free himself from the ghost.

One moonlit night, while he was thinking of his good old days with Malayavati, he found a dark figure coming out of him. He followed the figure and caught hold of it inside the garden. Throwing the figure down, the king raised his sword to stab it. But in the moonlight, he suddenly found that the figure was as though himself! He threw his sword away and returned into his room.

Inside the room stood Malayavati.

"You have come back, Malayavati!" exclaimed the king.

"Yes, because you have thrown the ghost off yourself—the ghost of discontentment and unhappiness."

The king was happy again. The kingdom prospered and all was fine with Malayavati back.





THE DAY THE EARTH TURNED GOLD

Once upon a time there was a king who was famous for his charity. People said, "To hungry he gives food; to scholars he gives rewards; to noblemen he gives titles and honours. In fact he is never tired of giving."

But he had in fact already grown tired of giving. He thought, "All my life I have been giving alms and awards. Where is the end? Are the people really needy or they continue to come simply because I give? Don't I see the same faces coming to me again and again wearing a standard mask of gratitude?"

He thought a lot and decided to stop the practice. "If give I must, it should be only to those

who are really needy. It is high time I know who are really needy and, to begin with, I must find out the poorest man in my kingdom," he decided.

Accordingly he sent his minister to find out the poorest man.

A week later the minister returned and announced in the tone of a successful explorer, "My lord, not far from here, inside the forest, there is a small mountain. On top of that sits the poorest man of our land—a mendicant. He has no roof on his head, nothing on his body except a yard of bark; he lives on whatever fruits some wood-cutters care to leave beside him on their way home from the forest."

"Is there really such a man

in my kingdom? I must see him," said the king and rode into the forest and then climbed the mountain and found out the mendicant sitting still, his eyes closed.

The king had to wait for a long time. When the mendicant opened his eyes, he said, "I am the king of this land. I am sad to see the miserable condition in which you are living. I want you to dress well; tell me, what kind of dress will you like? Dhoti or chapkan?" The mendicant smiled, but kept quiet.

The king said again, "I will like to build a house for you; tell me, what kind of house will you like to own?" The mendicant smiled again; yet he did not speak.

A little later the king again said, "I will arrange to send some food for you everyday. Tell me your preference in matters of food." The mendicant smiled but still kept mum.

The king began losing patience and cried out, "I appeal to you, do speak!"

Slowly but sweetly the mendicant said, "My dear king, you are mistaken. I am not the poorest man. There is another man in the kingdom who is

poorer than myself. So far as I am concerned, although I look poor, I am very rich, for I can change the earth into gold."

The king gaped with amazement for some time and asked, "Will you kindly tell me who is poorer than you? And will you kindly reveal to me the secret of transforming the earth into gold?"

The mendicant said, "To know these things you have to follow a certain discipline."

"I will follow," said the king enthusiastically.

"For full one year, everyday, you must come here once before the sunrise and once again before the sunset and spend some time with me," said the mendicant.

"I will do so," said the joyous king, bowing to the mendicant.

And he came there twice everyday without fail. The mendicant seldom uttered any word, but his charming smile always spoke of his affection for the king. He made the king sit down and meditate for some time. For the king the discipline was a bit awkward experience for the first few weeks. But soon he realised that it was a most welcome change



from the dry or anxious hours of the court where he was always surrounded by diplomats and flatterers and discontented people. After a few months he grew so fond of his visits to the mendicant that he eagerly looked forward to the twilights.

The silence of the mountain, the sunrise and sunset which coloured the landscape, the breeze which embraced him with the message of freedom, the songs of the birds in the wood and above all the quiet yet overwhelming presence of the mendicant slowly made the king a different man. The little time he spent there everyday

had its sure effect on the rest of his time and routine.

The king did not remember when a year passed. He even did not know when several years passed. At the end of the third year one day the mendicant suddenly asked the king, "Well, it seems we have forgotten about the two things you wanted to know—about the man poorer than myself and about the secret of transforming the earth into gold. Would you not like to know about them?"

The king smiled and replied, "But haven't I known them already? I was the poorer man because I was anxious to pos-



ness more gold and I was begging to know the secret of changing the earth into gold. And secondly, I believe, by now I have known the secret of changing the earth into gold. When I sit here and marvel at the splendour of nature all around at sunsets and sunrises when the colours of heaven are sprin-

kled on earth—at the diamond-fringed clouds—at all God's creation—all appear to me a thousand times more wonderful than gold."

The mendicant smiled and said, "You have got it—and that is because you have turned gold within."

Retold by Manoj Das

Who made the first parachute jump?

The great Italian inventor Leonardo da Vinci had the first thoughts about parachute. But, however, he did not make one and the design remained only on paper. Two centuries passed before anyone tried to make a real parachute as it was left to a Frenchman, Andre Garnerin. He stretched 870 square yards of cloth over a framework of bamboo and made his first jump in 1797, from a balloon $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles above Paris. Relieved of his weight the balloon shot upwards and burst. Garnerin's fall was not a steady one, yet he managed to land safely. He made several jumps during the following years.



KRISHNA CAME TO THE POET'S RESCUE

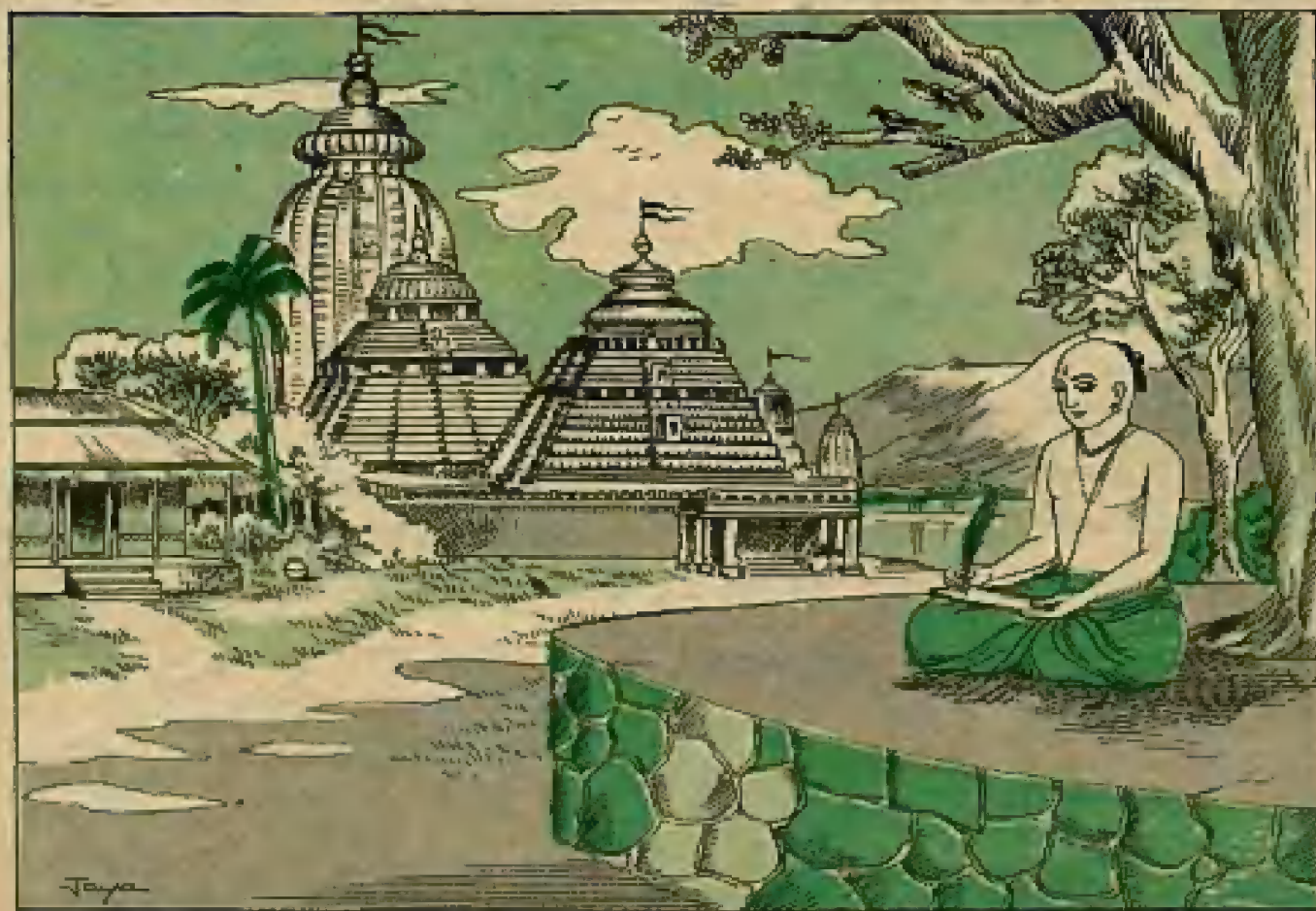
In the shade of a tree, behind the great temple of Jagannath at Puri, sat a young Brahmin, engrossed in engraving his verses on a bunch of palm leaves. It was a quiet mid-day, with no sound heard excepting the roar of the sea which was not far and the cooing of a couple of cuckoos from the tree.

But, of course, there was another faint sound too—joining the cuckoos' song from time to time. That was the sweet voice of our poet Jayadeva. He

was reciting his verses as he went on writing them.

With deep concentration he was writing about Krishna and Radha, about the great love that the two felt for each other. He was narrating an episode in which Krishna had to be shown trying to appease Radha who had grown a bit angry with him.

But the poet had faced a dilemma. He murmured, "O Krishna, my Lord! I know your great love for Radha. Even



then, how can I show you humbled before her, apologising to her?" Again and again the poet tried to set down the two lines which he had already composed in his mind, but his reverence for Krishna did not allow him to do so.

"The sun is already overhead. Food is ready. Will you not go for your bath?" a loving voice interrupted the poet. There stood Padmavati, Jayadeva's wife, between their hut and the tree.

"Oh, is that so? I was not aware of time. Very well, Padmavati, carry home my manuscript and the pen. I will be back soon, after a dip in the lake," said the poet and he hurried towards the lake.

He passed quite some time in the lake, for, bathing to him also meant reciting long hymns and performing certain rites. Then he walked homeward.

"Padmavati! Hurry up. I am hungry," said Jayadeva while entering his hut. But his surprise knew no bound when he found Padmavati seated on the floor, preparing to take food herself. Throughout their married life it had been Padmavati's habit to eat only after her hus-

band had finished eating. How then was she behaving in this strange fashion?

"How is it, Padmavati, that you were in such a hurry to take food today?" asked Jayadeva.

Padmavati's eyes popped out in surprise and she gazed at her husband, agape, for some time. Then she fumbled out, "Isn't your conduct rather unusual today? A little while ago you rushed in and asked for your manuscript, saying that you wanted to write down a couple of lines before you forgot them. I gave you the manuscript and after writing down those lines you finished your meal and went out, saying that you had some urgent business to attend in the temple. You are back in no time and you say that you were hungry! What is the matter with you?"

Jayadeva stood stunned. But something occurred to him in a flash and he wanted to see the manuscript. Padmavati washed her hands and brought it out.

Jayadeva stared at the manuscript while he trembled with emotion. Tears rolled down his cheeks. He saw the very two lines which he hesitated to

set down lest they should offend Krishna, written on the palm leaf. They were the lines which described Krishna bowing down humbly to Radha in a bid to please her!

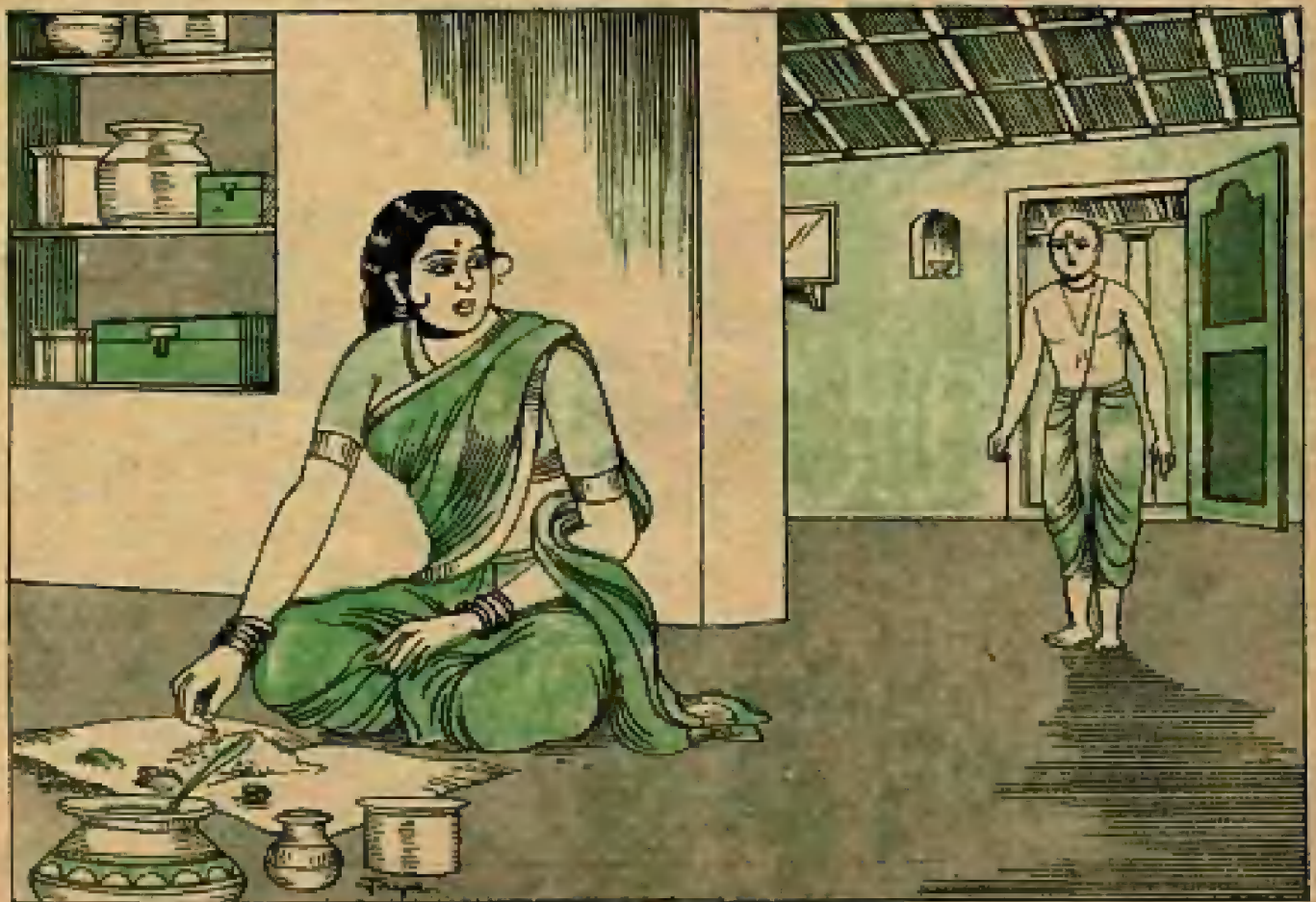
"What is the matter?" asked Padmavati again.

"Great is your luck, Padmavati, although you do not know yet whom you saw a little ago. He who came assuming my form was none other than Krishna himself. Who else could have known what was going on in my mind?" Jayadeva muttered. He could hardly speak more. He asked

Padmavati to show him where the Lord had sat down. He rolled on the ground and both of them eagerly ate the remains from the dish from which the disguised Lord had eaten.

Jayadeva's lyric poem, in the writing of which Krishna had played such a role, is famous as the *Gita Govinda*.

Jayadeva lived in 12th century. For hundreds of years past his immortal lyric poem, the *Gita Govinda*, is regularly recited in the temple of Puri. It is said that the Lord does not go to sleep without listening to this sweet composition.



AN IDEAL ADVICE!

Barna da Siena was a popular religious preacher in Italy of 15th century. Large crowds collected to hear him whenever he spoke in public places.

Once he came to the city of Milan. After a public lecture one evening, an old man greeted him and said, "Sir, when you lecture tomorrow, it would be nice if you warn the money-lenders against taking interest from the people. Doesn't the scripture say that taking interest was a sin?"

"I will do as you advise, thank you," replied the preacher.

But next day he forgot about it. When his lecture was over, the old man met him again and reminded of his earlier advice. The preacher apologised and promised to speak against the practice of taking interest in his next evening's talk.

After the old man left, the preacher inquired about him from his local hosts. This is the reply he got, "Sir! The old man is the biggest money-lender of our city and he realises his interest ruthlessly. He wants you to speak against interest-taking so that if other money-lenders give up the practice his business will flourish!"





VEER HANUMAN

With a garland around his neck, Sugriva advanced towards Kiskindhya, accompanied by Lakshmana. He was followed by Rama who was armed with his bow, and Hanuman and others.

They had to pass through a dense forest. Rama became curious to know the history of the forest.

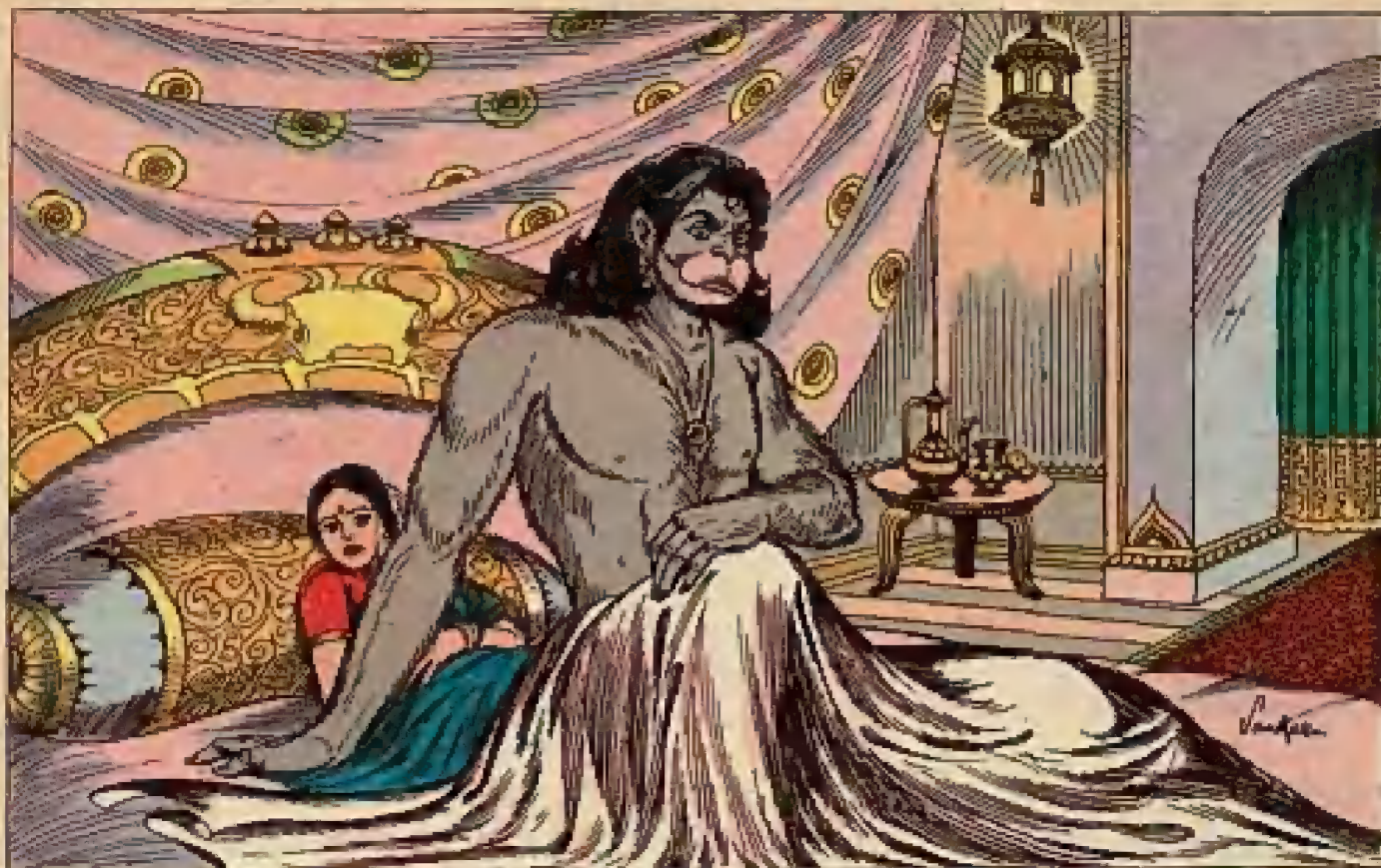
Sugriva said, "Once upon a time there was an Ashram here. Its environment abounded in trees yielding a variety of sweet fruits and fragrant flowers. The Ashram had been founded by a sage named Saptajana. After he departed to heaven, nobody could enter this area for a long time—not even birds and beasts. Those who en-

tered, they never came out. One could hear the songs of the nymphs and the rhythm of their dance emanating from the area which by and by turned into a forest. One could smell excellent fragrance too. Smoke was seen coiling up the tree tops indicating that some invisible beings were performing some rites inside the forest."

Rama and Lakshmana bowed in respect to the memory of Saptajana.

On arriving at Kiskindhya, all but Sugriva hid behind some trees. Sugriva went forward and called Vali aloud. Then he turned at Rama and reminded him once more of his promise to act in time.

"Now that you have put on



a garland, I will have no difficulty in knowing you from Vali. Do not have any doubt about my motive. I will kill Vali all right. I've never made a false promise. I will not do so in future either. Go and challenge Vali to fight," said Rama.

Thus encouraged, Sugriva gave out a lusty shout which echoed in Vali's palace and re-echoed in the mountains behind it. Birds tittered and animals fled from the nearby forests.

Vali heard the shout while lying in his bed. He was furious at this audacity of Sugriva who had hardly the courage to look at him face to face. He

immediately prepared to come out.

But his wife, Tara, checked him, saying, "You must not care to respond to Sugriva's challenge at this hour of the night. Wait till it is morning. It is a question of prudence and caution. Sugriva, who had fled defeated a while ago, is back again. This means he has been assured of somebody's help in the meanwhile. He is not a fool. Before he decided to return, he must have been sure of the prowess of his helper. His helper might be stronger than you. I heard from Angada that Rama and

Lakshmana, the sons of King Dasharatha, are camping at the Mount Rushyamuk. I am afraid, Sugriva has befriended them. Rama is a great hero. It is he who killed Viradha, Khara, Dushana and Kavandha."

After a pause Tara told Vali again, "It will be wiser on your part to compromise with Sugriva than to incur the wrath of Rama. After all, Sugriva is your own brother. You will lose nothing by offering him his lost position of the crown prince."

But Vali paid no heed to Tara's advice. He replied,

"You are speaking nonsense. How can I think of compromise at a moment when Sugriva is challenging me to fight? It is better to die than to bow down before such audacity. You are afraid of Rama. But why should he come to interfere in our affair? Of course, you are concerned about my safety. But do not worry. I will defeat Sugriva in no time and return. I will not kill him, but will leave him with a few unforgettable blows."

Tara had no other go than to allow Vali to proceed. But before that she recited some hymns for his safety and circled





him a few times. She and her maids looked on while Vali left.

Soon Vali saw Sugriva ready for fight. Before long both pounced upon each other and were locked in a terrific wrestle.

After a while Sugriva uprooted a tree and attacked Vali with it. That put Vali in the defensive for sometime. But soon he recouped and fought with a greater determination. As moments passed, Sugriva was found getting weaker.

When Rama saw Sugriva's condition, he took aim at Vali without any further delay and shot his arrow. The arrow went out like a lightning,

making a fearful sound, and pierced the chest of Vali. Stunned, Vali fell down.

But Vali did not die instantly due to a protective necklace given to him by Indra. He looked in the direction from which the arrow had come. Rama and Lakshmana soon came closer to him. Looking at Rama, Vali said:

"Rama! You are the son of a celebrated king. You are not only the scion of a great family, but also renowned for your character and courage. Even so, you shot the arrow at me while I was entangled in a fight with my adversary. Is this a proof of your greatness? I thought that you had all the virtues of an ideal prince, like control over impulse, big-heartedness, tolerance, respect for truth, etc. Hence, despite Tara's warning, I had accepted Sugriva's challenge. I had hardly any idea that you were capable of stooping so low as to shoot at me treacherously from a hiding. I had never done any harm to you or your country. I had never insulted you nor had challenged you to fight. How could you attack me then? I don't think that you could have done it for the





sport of hunting. For, neither my skin or hair, nor my flesh or bone, would be of any use to you. A man like you is not eligible to occupy the throne. I shudder to think that you could be the son of King Dasharatha. How can you explain your conduct? It would have been fitting if you would have shown your strength to Ravana. If you would have asked me for help, I would have rescued Sita Devi in no time. To kill someone from a hiding is easy enough. But what you have done is unjust and nothing but treachery."

Vali began to show signs of exhaustion. Then Rama

answered him, "You are accusing me without realising the code of conduct I follow or the justification of my action. I hail from the dynasty of the Ikshakus who are the rulers of the world. At the moment Bharata is the king and I am his viceroy, wandering about to protect the just or oppressed from the tyranny of the unjust. You have broken the very basic law of dharma. A younger brother is to be looked upon as a son. But you took away your younger brother's wife. You deserved this punishment on account of that sin. My attitude towards Sugriva is similar to my attitude towards Lakshmana. Hence I deemed it my duty to relieve Sugriva of his agony. True, I have killed you from a hiding. But that is of no consequence. After all, people resort to so many means to capture or kill animals. Your flesh is of no use to me. But hunters do not always kill eatable creatures only."

A little later Vali told Rama, "I am not sorry because I am going to die. I have nothing to worry about Tara and other dependants either. But I feel deeply concerned about Angada. He was extremely fond of me.

He will be completely upset. Please treat him kindly. Also see that Tara is not maltreated by Sugriva."

Rama assured Vali that his requests will be complied with. Vali soon fainted away.

When Tara heard of the tragedy she was overwhelmed with sorrow and she rushed out of the palace along with Angada. Some well-wishers advised her not to proceed. "Save Angada and save yourself. Close the palace doors and perform such rites as are necessary for Angada succeeding to the throne in due time. Otherwise you might be ousted by the enemy," they said.

But Tara answered, "I don't care for my son or myself or the kingdom. What value have these to me if my husband is dead? I must go near him."

Tara soon reached the spot where Vali lay surrounded by Rama, Lakshmana, Sugriva and others. As Tara sat down near Vali and broke down, it was difficult for Sugriva to control his tears. Hanuman consoled Tara, "We all have to die in course of time. Mourning does no good either to the dead or to the mourner. Stop worrying and do the needful to bring up Angada as a worthy son of Vali. In future he must shoulder the burden of the kingdom, under your guardianship. Now, we must arrange for the funeral of Vali."

"Hanuman! It is impossible for me to think of such issues at the moment. The only urge I feel now is to depart to the domain of death along with Vali," Tara said.

—CONTD



FUN WITH SCIENCE

Here's a toy that will give you hours of fun. Draw a 2" radius circle on a piece of white cardboard and cut it out. Now, within this circle, draw two more—one at $1\frac{1}{4}$ " and the other at $\frac{3}{8}$ " radius. Next divide the space between the inner circles into three equal sections, and paint them red, yellow and blue. Then, with a sharp blade, cut out the centre circle, and thread an 18" length of string slackly, twirl the cardboard wheel. When the string becomes tight, pull it taut. The wheel will whirl back, producing a kaleidoscopic change of colours as different sections touch the string at varying speeds.



WONDERS WITH COLOURS





HOW TO BE FAMOUS?

Long ago, there was a rich man in Bagdad, famous for his philanthropy. He spent lakhs of rupees in the welfare of the people and was popularly called as the Philanthrope.

His neighbour too was a rich man. But he never spent a pie for charity. He was called the Miser.

The Miser once thought that it would be nice if, like his neighbour, he too was praised by the people. He confided his desire to his servant, Abdul. The clever Abdul said, "That is easy, master. We must make the Philanthrope speak nice of you. People believe whatever he says."

"But how to make him praise me?" asked the Miser.

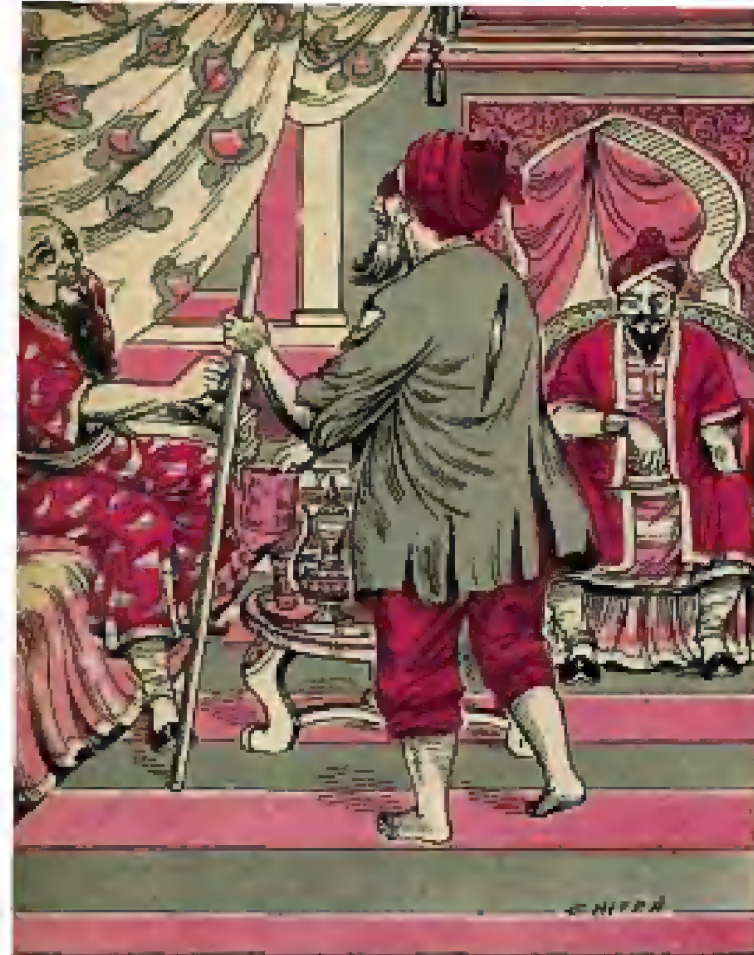
"Easy," said Abdul, "Let us invite him to lunch. While he is here, I will come to you several times, dressed differently. You give me a hundred mohurs each time. The Philanthrope will be amazed to see this and your fame will spread in no time."

Abdul's idea appealed to the Miser very much.

Next day Abdul went to the Philanthrope's house and said, "Sir! My master would be happy if you take lunch with him tomorrow."

"But isn't that rather strange? People say that your master never spends for others!" commented the Philanthrope.

"Never believe such rumours, Sir. My master does a lot of



charity. But he does that secretly. Well, you can see for yourself when you are there tomorrow," replied Abdul.

"All right. Tell your master that I accept his invitation. I look forward to meeting him tomorrow," said the Philanthrope. Abdul left him.

But the Philanthrope could not be sure of the Miser's motive. He called his faithful servant, Ajij, and discussed the issue with him for a long time.

The Philanthrope was warmly received by the Miser the next day. As soon as he took seat, the Miser said, "People think that I am a mean fellow. The truth is, I spend all my wealth

giving to the needy, but I do it hiding from others. I am interested in serving the poor, not in earning fame, you see!"

"That is very wise of you," said his guest.

As they sat talking, Abdul appeared there, disguised as a beggar. The Miser immediately gave him a hundred mohurs. Before they had sat down for their lunch, the Miser had given similar amounts to a fakir, a lame man, a blind singer, in all to ten different strangers.

The Philanthrope observed, "I have never seen a more kind-hearted man than you. In a couple of hours you have given away a thousand mohurs!"

"You are surprised, are you? But this is my daily practice, you see!" said the Miser.

Abdul was seen entering the house in his usual dress when the Philanthrope was about to leave.

As soon as the guest left, the Miser congratulated Abdul, saying, "Every time your disguise was perfect. Good. Now, return the mohurs!"

"Here are they, three hundred in all," said Abdul.

"Three hundred? But I gave you a thousand mohurs! Didn't you appear ten times?" shouted the surprised Miser.



"No, my master! I came only three times," said the equally surprised servant.

"Then who took the rest?" cried the Miser, terribly shocked.

"Do not worry. It was my servant, Ajij, who met you seven times and took the rest," said the Philanthrope as he came in again.

The Miser and his servant looked pale as ghosts.

The Philanthrope gave the Miser a pat and said again, "Ajij too is a faithful servant.

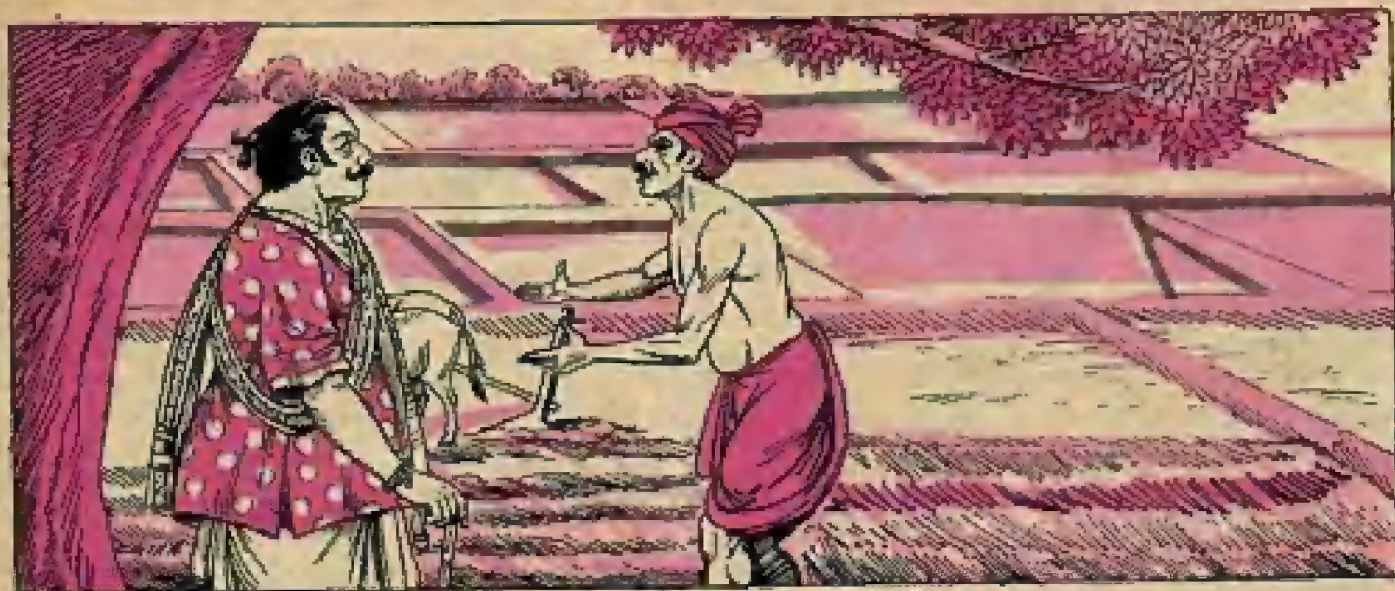
He will return your seven hundred mohurs. But my dear neighbour, is this the way to impress people? You can perhaps deceive some people for some time, but the truth will come out, sooner or later. You are lucky that in your case the truth came out sooner. I will never say a word to anybody about it. But why not truly try your hand at a bit of charity?"

The Miser and his servant stood silent, their heads hung in shame.



CAN A CRAB REALLY GROW A NEW CLAW?

When a crab is growing, it has to cast its shell from time to time as a new and bigger one is formed. In doing so, it may also lose one of its claws, or perhaps during a fight with another crab a limb will be torn off. Yet such is the wonder of Nature that a small new claw will start to grow, as the picture shows.



THE BURDEN OF WEALTH!

While driving his plough through his field, a farmer once found a brass jar full of gold coins. Amazed, he gazed at it for a long time.

He began to weave a chain of dreams: at first he thought of building a castle with the wealth; then he thought of spending the wealth in philanthropy. Soon he became confused. Then he was haunted by a variety of fears—concerning thieves, jealous neighbours and so on and so forth.

Just then the landlord was passing by. The farmer thought that it would be nice if he handed over the gold to the landlord. He ran to him and requested

him to step into his field for a while.

But by the time the landlord came to his field, the farmer's mind had changed. He was no more prepared to part with the wealth. But since he had called the landlord, he asked him, "Sir! Can you tell me which of my two bullocks is stronger?"

The landlord was angry at the farmer's impudent behaviour. He frowned and went away.

As soon as the landlord departed, the farmer thought, "What a blunder I made by not handing over the gold to the landlord! Now, what should I do with it?"



He could not concentrate on his work. He sat worrying about the gold while hours passed.

The landlord returned by the sunset. The farmer ran to him again and entreated him to come to his field. The landlord had cooled down by that time. He complied with the farmer's request. But by the time the landlord came to the field the farmer's mind had changed again. He asked the landlord, "Don't you think that I have tilled the land well?"

The landlord became furious. He threatened to punish the

farmer for his misdemeanour and went away.

But the farmer began to repent soon. "I should have been free from all worries by passing on the wealth to the landlord. I don't know what to do with it!"

However, he put the jar in a bag and left the field, along with the bullocks. On reaching home he called his wife and said, "Free the bullocks from their yoke and feed them. I am going to the landlord's house!"

But the wife saw the bag on the farmer's shoulder and became suspicious. Instead of

acting according to her husband's instruction, she said, "I have a lot of other things to do now. If you must go to the landlord's house, you can go after you finish your work with the bullocks!"

The farmer kept the bag down on the floor and led the bullocks to the cowshed. His wife lost no time in discovering the jar and the gold. She removed them instantly and placed a piece of stone in the bag.

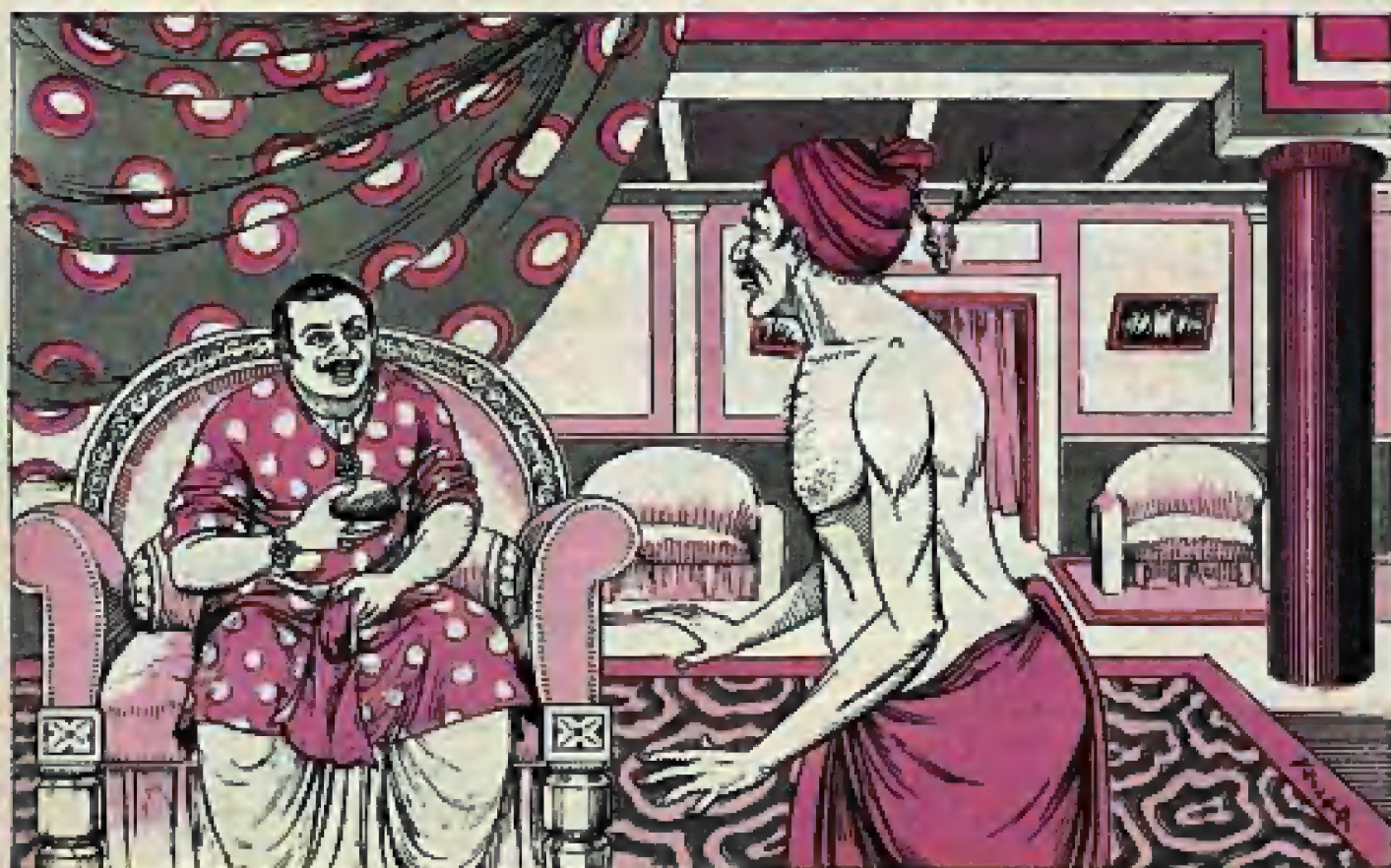
Returning from the cowshed the farmer picked up the bag and went straight to the landlord and exclaimed, "Sir! I have

brought a prize for you!"

Then he handed over his bag to the landlord. The landlord, with great curiosity, drove his hand into it. But what he brought out of it surprised not only him, but also the farmer.

The landlord goggled his eyes and asked his servants to throw the farmer into the jail. Then he secretly instructed them to hear and report to him if the farmer said anything when left alone.

Inside the jail, the bewildered farmer soon began to mumble to himself, "Such a big jar! So





much of gold! All that changed into a stone of this size!"

As he mumbled, he moved his hands to indicate the size and quantity of the things.

The servants could not hear what he said, but they observed the movements of his hands and told the landlord about it in the morning.

The landlord asked the farmer to explain what he meant by such movements. The farmer said, "Sir! I was only remembering how big is your head, what was the size of your tummy, etc."

"Shut up!" shouted the landlord and ordered his servants to take away the farmer and hang him.

When the servants prepared to execute their master's order and put a noose around the farmer's neck, he suddenly exclaimed, "Wait, wait. I have to ask something to your master."

When the farmer was taken to the landlord, he cried out, "Sir! Your servants are tightening a noose around my neck. Will you please instruct them to take care so that I don't have any difficulty in breathing?"

The landlord had a hearty laugh. He understood that the farmer was too naive to be punished. He freed him.

The farmer's wife knew how to use the gold, slowly and carefully. She was happy and she made her husband happy too.

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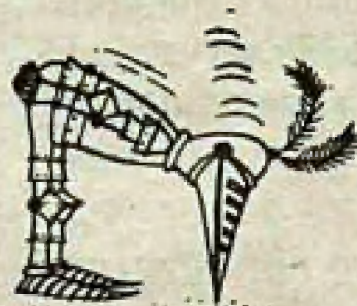
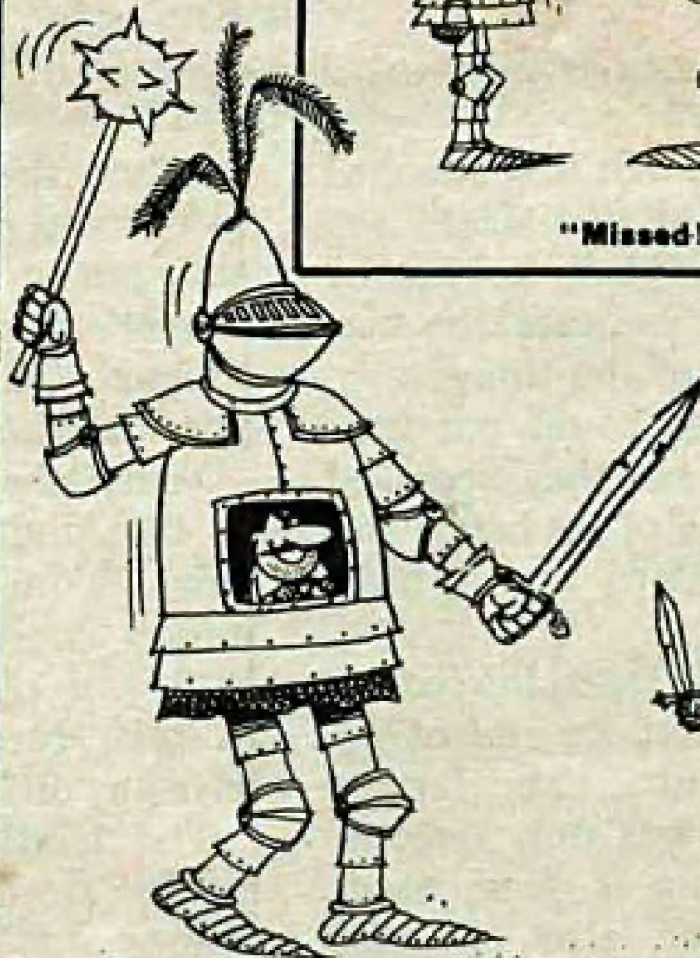
FUN with FIDDY



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"And don't forget to look in your rear mirror before moving off."



"So that's why they call him 'Fowl' Sir Jasper!"



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